BR
85
.S85

Qo.

3-12-47

177.

Library of Congress.

Chap. BR85
Shelf .S65
Copyright No.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Deposited in Mass. Dist.
Clerks office 11. May 1835
See Vol. 10. p. 115.

THE

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS

OF

FREDERICK P. SULLINGS,

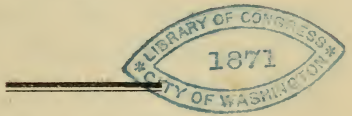
WHO DIED IN PORTSMOUTH, R. I.

Aged seventeen Years.

BY ZALMON TOBEY,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHRISTIAN SOCIETY,

PORTSMOUTH, R. I.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES LORING,

132 Washington Street.

1835.

BR85
.585

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1835,
BY JAMES LORING,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

2500

PREFACE.

YOUTHFUL reader, I had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with the subject of the following memoir and remains. I wish to say that in this sketch you have but a few of the virtues and excellencies of Frederick's life and character portrayed. There are materials for a much larger volume; but in this, you have some of the most prominent of his virtues set before you for your imitation, and a choice selection of his writings for your instruction.

It was not originally the intention of the estimable parent of Frederick, to present the memoirs or writings of his son to the youth of our land generally, being only prepared for his more private use. But being ever ready to promote the welfare of the young, he consented, at my solicitation, to have this edition presented to the public.

It is my ardent prayer, that those young persons into whose hands this little volume may fall, will imitate Frederick in his life, and be prepared thereby to reap the rewards of piety with him in death.

J. V. HIMES.

Boston, April 20, 1835.

MEMOIR.

"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a pious youth to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

It is a dictate of wisdom, to consider well the nature and extent of the blessings of our present existence. Under the influence of prosperity, and especially in the joyousness of youth, we raise our expectations too high, of the happiness to be enjoyed in the present life. To the young and prosperous, the world presents an enchanting scene; every object is seen with smiling aspect, and every change in their future condition promises an increase of happiness. Few allowances are made for the disappointments which necessarily attend us here, and for all the "ills to which flesh is heir." The

period, too, allotted man upon the earth, though the aged speak of its brevity, and the learned so eloquently set forth its uncertainty, and the scriptures so affectingly confirm the truth of both, yet, to the young, seems almost an age, and the life of man a duration which will almost never have passed away.

By the disappointed and the afflicted, on the other hand, the blessings and enjoyments of life are too frequently undervalued. Life appears to them, an almost uninterrupted series of trials, and sorrows, and tears. Dejected and sorrow-stricken, every thing joyous, flattering, cheerful, from them is fled away; and this whole world is seen as a vale of tears and a world of woe. "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and an hireling looketh for the reward of his work, so are they made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto them." Such is to them a just and accurate description of the life of man. The truth probably lies between these two extremes. Life is subject to many trials; it has also, or may have, if improved aright, many enjoyments and blessings.

The justness of these remarks will, I trust, appear, from the following notice of the dear

youth of whom I am now to speak. His life was sufficiently long to secure important blessings; and his early removal, by the arrest of death, affectingly sets forth life's brevity and uncertainty.

Frederick P. Sullings, the fourth son of Elder Harvey Sullings, commenced life under circumstances peculiarly auspicious. His father possessed both the means and the disposition of giving his children every advantage necessary to success, in any business or avocation which they might choose to pursue. Frederick's mind was early turned to literary pursuits; and as he gave evidence of uncommon genius, and had a strong inclination for study, it was his father's intention to have given him a liberal education.

In pursuance of this plan, after he had passed through the course of common school instruction, he was placed at the high school in Providence, R. I., under the tuition of distinguished instructers. Here he continued about six months, and pursued a course of studies designed as preparatory to his admission into college. His proficiency, while at this school, was such as gave promise of success in literary pursuits, and was highly gratifying to his father. Dur-

ing this period, he resided with the writer of this article, and by his amiable and winning deportment endeared himself to him, and to all who had opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with him.

Leaving the high school, in Providence, he became a member of the Wesleyan academy at Wilbraham, where he remained twelve months; at the expiration of which, he returned to the house of his father, with the expectation of commencing soon his collegiate course at Brown University.

Such were his expectations, such his prospects at this time. In anticipation, he was passing through college halls; he was surrounded with libraries of the choicest selection, to all of which he had free access; he was associated with young men of kindred minds and similar pursuits. These, these were the fascinating scenes that, in imagination, were passing before him. The reality how different! The sick room, the bed of pain, the wasting disease, the hoarse cough, the dying struggle, the cold, dark grave, the final retribution — these became to him realities, and these were the solemn scenes he was called to experience.

"Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy the hardiest frame!
Of indolence, of toil we die, of want, of superfluity!
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air is big with death!"

Just at the point of time we extend the hand to receive the cup of worldly prosperity, it often unexpectedly eludes our grasp, and falls broken and shattered at our feet. So it was with the subject of these remarks. A violent cough, with which he was seized early in the spring of 1831, soon terminated his literary pursuits, blighted all his prospects, and brought him to an untimely grave.

In the early stages of his disease, the consumption, neither himself nor his family apprehended him dangerous; as it gradually progressed, however, recourse was had to the usual expedients. He suspended his studies, applied to a physician, journeyed from place to place, visited his friends, and, for awhile, himself and his parents were sanguine in the expectation of a favourable result. Hope was excited, but excited only to be succeeded by sad disappointment. In a little while he was confined to his house, soon to his room, and afterwards mostly to his bed, in which situation he languished

and suffered until June 5th, 1831, when he was released from all his sufferings by death, at the early age of seventeen years ten months and seventeen days.

Mournful indeed was the scene, and painful, beyond conception painful, were the feelings of the bereaved parents, of brothers and sisters, as they were separated from one so fair in promise, so bright in prospect, and so dear to them by every tie of nature and affection. Sad indeed was the occasion when, slowly moving in the funeral procession, they were following their son and brother to the place appointed for all the living, and were committing his mortal remains to the silent grave.

Ah! what is life? What, man? what, the world? what, genius, talents, learning? what, wealth, youth, beauty? what, all the world calls good or great? Nothing! nothing! all vanity and less than vanity, if our prospects terminate at death. But do they, must they thus terminate at death? So was it not with the dear young man of whom we have spoken. No. Through the Gospel, life and immortality to him were brought to light. This leads us to the principal object had in view in this brief memoir, viz: to speak of the power of the Gospel to sustain

in the day of affliction, and the worth of religion, as exemplified in the death of the pious.

Frederick, young as he was, had for more than four years previous to his death been a professor of religion. At a very early age he became a subject of religious impressions; and at the age of about thirteen, he was so far established in his Christian experience, that he offered himself as a candidate for the ordinance of baptism. He was baptized by Elder Charles Morgridge, and received as a member of the First Christian Church in New Bedford, of which church he continued a member until his death.

Happy in his own mind, and feeling a strong desire that his fellow youth might participate in the holy pleasures of religion, Frederick was often heard in the public congregation, exhorting his associates and companions to embrace the Saviour, and all who were estranged from God, to turn from the errors of their way, to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life. His improvements in this way perhaps at first excited the more attention and produced the greater effect on account of his age; but it was soon ascertained by the more experienced and aged even, that he possessed

extraordinary gifts, gifts which gave uncommon promise that if properly cultivated and improved would make him eminently useful as a minister of the Gospel. In this great and good work, his father and indeed all his Christian friends were hoping and expecting to see him successfully employed.

In the Christian connection, many worthy and excellent men, as was the case with the most of the apostles, are useful and highly successful ministers of the new covenant, who had not extraordinary advantages of early education. And such is the present state of the connection, that few learned men are among its ministers.

Frederick, as we have already mentioned, had ample means to obtain a liberal education; he was too young to commence the work of the gospel ministry, immediately; his piety was indisputable; his gifts for public speaking were, for one so young, remarkable; and, on every account, the plan which his father had designed, of giving him great advantages of education, with reference to what would probably be his future calling, appeared evidently the indication of Divine Providence. What minister of the Gospel, under such circumstances, would not have chosen the same course. If every pious

parent can say, I have no greater joy than to see my children walking in the fear of the Lord, what must be the feelings of a sincere, humble, devoted minister of Jesus, when blessed with a son of such piety, of such gifts, of such promise, of such prospects! How natural, how almost unavoidable, to such a father, the following or similar reflections.

Ah! I perceive age is coming upon me, old age, with all its weaknesses, with all its necessary attendants. I look around upon the gospel field, it is interesting, it is spacious, it is white, and all ready for the harvest; but the labourers are few. In this field I have long toiled, sometimes with success, and sometimes under many discouragements and with dreary prospects. I have loved the work; I love it still; it is to me as life itself, dear; but my work will soon be done. In a few more years, at most, I shall have gone the way of all the earth; and who shall succeed me in these labours for the good of the church, for the salvation of souls? Who shall instruct and edify these churches? Who shall warn and invite these sinners? Here is my son, Lord, send him; yes, send him. As I have indications it is thy will, Lord, send him. He is dear to me; he is a son of much promise;

he could probably shine in the world, with the opportunities I give him, in connection with uncommon natural endowments; he could probably gain wealth and honour; he could attain to great worldly distinctions; but, Lord, I cheerfully consecrate him to thy service. I have often, with the apostle, given thanks to God, that he counted me worthy, putting me into the ministry, notwithstanding all I have suffered in this work; and now I consider myself doubly honoured and blessed, that he hath given me this son to succeed me in my labours when on earth I am no more. More than this. I even hope to see his already growing mind greatly enlarged and improved, his present course of education completed, and himself entered upon the great and good work of the gospel ministry. With what thrilling emotions, with what gratitude to God, with what indescribable satisfaction to myself, do I hope to hear the same precious doctrines I have so long preached, fall from his lips. Nor in this shall I be alone. The partner of my life, the sharer in all my joys and in all my sorrows, the mother who bore him, who cherished him in infancy, who watched over him in childhood, and who as long as she lives will regard him with all a

mother's affection and tenderness, will equally participate in this joy.

Such were the prospects, and these, it is natural to suppose, were the expectations of the parents; but, as we have seen, death in the midst of them came, and the dear object of all their hopes has found a premature grave. So it seems to us. So we speak. With God his death was not premature, was not untimely. It was with him the very best time — for he appointed it; it was in the very best way — for he directed it. So also did it appear to our young friend in his last sickness and in his death. Although his sufferings were great and long continued, yet through them all he was resigned, was resigned to the will of God. Although he had every thing one could have to bind him to earth, and to induce him to wish a much longer stay here, yet he never spake of over anxiety to recover, or in any way manifested undue solicitude in regard to the event. He saw that he must die; he perceived an incurable disease was preying upon him; that death, the grave and eternity were before him, and he found that Gospel he had professed and that grace in which he had trusted were sufficient to sustain him. Of this Gospel he had often

spoken to others, and to this grace he had often called the attention of his fellow youth, and now he was called to put their efficacy and reality to the test.

In health and prosperity, amid the cheerful scenes and the active pursuits of life, we can speak of the worth of religion, and with propriety; but it is in sickness and in death religion appears in all its power to console, in all its efficacy to sustain.

Thus the prophet — "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted: to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And again — "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Thus the psalmist—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." And thus the apostle

— O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

So in the case we are describing. He often said, he saw nothing dark or gloomy in death. He frequently asked those by his bed-side, how long they thought it would be before he should get home. He was anxious, he said, to be serving God where there is no sorrow nor pain.

When he requested prayers of ministers or others, who visited him, or were with him, he wished them to pray that he might enjoy the same composure he then felt, until death. For days and weeks he had no clouds, or doubts, or fears; and this state of mind continued with him until his death. Being asked, by one who stood by him, if he was glad he was going; he replied, "yes." This was the last word he was heard to utter, and was perhaps not more than three minutes before he breathed his last, and sweetly fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour.

On the 8th of June, 1833, his remains were committed to the silent grave; there in quiet to rest, until the resurrection of the just. He made a selection of a text and of three hymns for his funeral; and, according to his request,

his funeral sermon was preached from Rev. 14: 13, "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them," by J. O. Choules, Pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Newport.

"He sleeps in Jesus and is blest;
How sweet his slumbers are;
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every care."

Thus lived and thus died this interesting youth. It can justly be said, without exaggeration, he was a son of uncommon promise. His natural talents were far above mediocrity. He had a penetrating mind, and a vivid imagination. He was fond of learning, and possessed genius to acquire and a talent to use it when acquired. He had a pleasant and, for one so young, a commanding voice; and many can testify that they have often listened to his exhortations, in the conference room and praying circle, with almost perfect astonishment. His addresses, too, before several literary societies, excited much interest in his favour, and elicited,

even from good judges of such performances, much commendation. They were, of course, juvenile productions, and should be judged and spoken of as such. They were, however, indications of genius, or at least of a mind capable of great improvement, and of talents which, being improved and guided in the right direction, would lead to eminence. In his person, he was tall, slender and well proportioned; in his manners, he was pleasing and attractive; and in every respect he was qualified to appear to advantage in the elevated sphere in which he was designed to move. One can hardly forget, when speaking of his person, of his prospects, and of his end, the affecting lines of the poet:

> "I have seen the gay tulip, the pride of the vale,
> Though it blossomed at noon, ere evening, grew pale,
> And wither and die in a day;
> I have seen the fair violets, of beautiful hue,
> But their bloom will not last, and they fade like the dew
> That hangs o'er the eye lids of May."

In eulogizing departed friends, a wrong impression is frequently given — their virtues are exaggerated, their faults concealed. We wish to avoid this too common error; and have endeavoured, in speaking of his virtues, his talents and his prospects, not to overrate. It should

be understood also, that he had his faults and that, like all young persons, he committed imprudences. We can see no advantage, however, in dwelling on his juvenile imperfections, and would only say, they were such as might be expected in one of his age, of his temperament, and in his circumstances. Alas! he is gone, and can neither be affected by our censure or applause; but his brief life and his affecting death may impart to us, and especially to the young, important instructions and admonitions. We may learn therefrom,

First, How ineffectual is the security against the arrest of death, which youth, and prospects, and worldly advantages afford.

They afford no security. The destroyer regards none of these things; or, if he regards them, they rather speed him on his way and hasten his approach. In designating his victims, he often passes by the aged, the infirm, the poor, the sorrow-stricken and the afflicted, and the fairest and the loveliest of the sons of earth are the very first that fall, withered and dead, at his touch. The most valuable things of earth are the most rare, the most beautiful soonest fade; so the most promising of the sons of men soonest die.

This is, indeed, a most afflicting representation of the prospects of the present world. The young can hardly believe it real; but yet if they consider, they cannot doubt it. When they look into the word of God, they read, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field." When they walk over the place where lie the dead, they see many graves there that contain persons younger than they. When their attention is directed to obituary notices, they find among them the young and those of fairest promise. When they shall look over these lines, they will perceive that Frederick is dead. Well will it be for them, if, from these instances, they will take warning and receive instruction. Well will it be for them, if they will consider on their latter end.

Secondly, We may learn the worth of religion, the exceeding great value of the gospel.

In the sick room and on the dying bed, those things of which we think so much, and which we so much value when in health, lose all their power to please, and all their former attractions speedily vanish away. Wealth, youth, beauty, worldly prospects, all retire from the dying, and leave him, without aid or consolation, alone to go down to the grave. They refuse to ac-

company him through this dark and dreary valley, and return to bless those who are in health. So it is with all the pleasures of sin, and with all the enjoyments of the world; they come not to cheer us in sickness, to console us in trouble, or to attend us in a dying hour. Not so, religion. It proffers us guidance, instruction and happiness, in health, in business, in all the labours and pursuits of life; and when adversity approaches, when sickness and afflictions come, and even when death draws near, it forsakes us not.

> "When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death,
> Even then religion shall sustain the just,
> Grace their last moments, nor desert their dust."

O the worth, the incomparable worth of the Gospel! What can the sick and the dying do without it? Without it, how hopeless the condition of man! how cheerless life! how awful death! how dark and dreary the grave! With it, we have nothing to fear. Sickness, adversity, all the evils to which we are here exposed, cannot destroy our comfort and our hope; and, thanks be to God, over death itself he giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Lastly, Parents, and indeed all who mourn,

should learn from what source consolations may be derived.

It is true our fondest hopes have been destroyed; our dearest objects in this world, have been taken away; the grave contains them; there through all the day and through all the live-long night, in silence they lie. We are in trouble, but they heed it not — in prosperity, but they know it not. We are never in in this world to see them again. We may, however, be comforted. Through the Gospel, life and immortality are brought to light. If we receive this Gospel, and if we live according to this Gospel, we have assurances of meeting them again. O, joyful hour! O, transporting thought! O, glorious prospect!

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

AN

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

BY FREDERICK P. SULLINGS.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasnre in them. — Eccl. 12 : 1.

This truly excellent advice was given by one of the wisest of men, as well as the best of kings. One who had probably observed more of the habits and customs of men, who had marked more particularly the hand-dealings of God towards his people, than any other individual. His wisdom was of the purest kind, and his knowledge of the most refined cast. Throughout all his writings, appear the most sublime instructions and the most lofty conceptions. His whole aim seems to have been to enlighten the mind of man, in regard to the best means of promoting his present good and of securing

his eternal welfare. Especially does he manifest a particular regard for the youth, whom he often condescended to notice in the most affectionate manner. Oftimes assuming the character of a father, he has delineated, in glowing colours, the various evils which beset the young, and the means by which they might escape the snare of the fowler. He exhorts them to get wisdom; for it is better than gold — and a good name; for it is more excellent than precious ointment. His instructions to the youth are such as deserve of us a candid attention. In the words of our motto, he calls upon the youth to remember their Creator, and to remember him even *now*, before old age, with all its attendant infirmities, shall come upon them. Though these words were long since spoken, though age after age has since passed away, and thousands of generations have since succeeded each other, yet they have been transmitted down to us in all their original truth and beauty, and this evening they say to us, "Remember thy Creator."

In remarking upon this subject we shall consider,

I. The object of our remembrance, namely our Creator.

II. How we should remember him.

III. What are the peculiar advantages of remembering him in our youth.

I. Then, what is it that Solomon calls upon us to remember? To whom is our attention directed in these words?

Our attention is called, my young friends, not to some august personage, who has figured largely in the world and performed some mighty exploits, which have astonished a surrounding multitude; not one for whom triumphal arches have been raised in every city, and whose name has been emblazoned in every capitol; not to one of the mighty monarchs of this earth, nor yet to one of the wise men of this world. No. Our attention is called, not to the creature, but to the Creator; not to finite, fallible man, but to the infinite, unchanging God; to him who created the world and all that therein is; to him who drew the heavens over us as a curtain, and bespangled the firmament with ten thousand shining orbs; who appointed the bounds of the seas, and gave regularity and order to all nature; to him who created man a living soul, and endowed him with powers and capacities of mind, capable both of loving and serving his Maker,

and who has made all the works of his hands to subserve the best interests of man.

The object Solomon would have us remember, stands not only in the relation of a Creator to us, but he is also our bountiful benefactor. From our earliest moments he has watched over and provided for us. Every good and perfect gift which we have received, came down to us from the Father of lights. All the blessings we have enjoyed, whether temporal or spiritual, present or past, at home or abroad, all came from him. Are we blessed with kind and affectionate friends, and all the comforts of social life? Do we delight in going forth into the world and feasting on the bounties of nature? Do we rejoice that we were born in a land of liberty; that no tyrannical despot waves his iron rod of oppression over our heads? Our Creator is the author of all these blessings. Without his liberal hand, daily extended to us, with mercies in rich profusion, we should falter, we should faint, we should die. Without his almighty arm for our constant support, we should stumble upon the dark mountains of despair and death.

Our Creator is also our preserver. He has not only created us, and given us our existence

in this world, and connected with our being unnumbered blessings, but he has also preserved us in safe keeping. When in infancy, he watched over us with tender care and parental affection, and each succeeding year has furnished additional marks of his great goodness, of his long-suffering and forbearance towards us. He has conducted us through the midst of dangers, seen and unseen. He has been our kind protector, our shield and our defence. He has given us strength equal to our day, nor has he laid upon us heavy burdens and grievous to be borne. In prosperity he has been with us, and in adversity he has not forsaken us. Although we have oftimes forgotten him, yet has he remembered us for good. His all-seeing eye has never lost sight of us.

He is also our affectionate Father, and he regards us as his children. O what a privilege to have such a Father; a Father who knows all our wants, and who is abundantly willing and able to supply them; a Parent who is constantly lavishing his blessings upon us, unnumbered, and even unasked; one who can soothe every trouble, ease every pain, and impart joy and peace to the disconsolate mind.

Such, my friends, is the relation in which

our Creator stands to us, and such is the character of that one whom Solomon calls upon us to remember. And here let me ask, what being in heaven or upon the earth has such important claims upon our heartfelt remembrance? Who is it that has the supreme and undoubted right to all that we have and are? It is our Creator. To strictly define him, in all his attributes, is impossible. No language can convey an adequate idea of his perfections. We cannot talk of the extent of his power; for it is boundless — we cannot set limits to his mercy; for it is infinite. Hear the words of Job: "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as heaven: what canst thou do? It is deeper than hell: what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea." Suffice it then for us to know, that he is all and in all; that his all-seeing eye beholds us, in what situation soever we are placed; that we cannot escape his presence, even were we to take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. Suffice it for us to know, that in him we live, move and have our being;

that to him is due everlasting praise and thanksgiving.

And shall we forget such a Creator, such a benefactor, and such a preserver? Shall we cease to think of Him who gave us our existence, who has richly bestowed upon us blessings without number, and who has conducted us thus far through our journey of life safely? Shall not our grateful emotion ascend to our great and best Parent? These are serious and important questions, and should come with all their important bearings to every mind. We would not treat with cold neglect and formal indifference him who had even no particular interest in our welfare, much less him who had always befriended us. But O, it is a dark blot on the page of man's life, that he is so prone to forget his Creator, to forget him whom of all others he should remember. We pass

II. To consider how we should remember him.

To remember, is to call to mind things that are past, and in distinct and vivid colours to perceive them by the mind, as though they were now passing before us. This recollection may be either agreeable or disagreeable, as the objects remembered are either pleasant or unplea-

sant. Thus many of us can look back to the time of our emancipation from the thraldom of sin with pleasure; and we love to think of and remember the time when our smiling Saviour first appeared for our relief, and shook off the fetters of sin, and brought us into the liberty of the Gospel of peace. While too we look back on our many errors and sins, our recollection cannot but be accompanied with regret and sorrow for all our misdeeds.

When we remember our Creator, it should be with corresponding emotions and becoming affections. A mere speculative belief that there is a God, the mere recollection that he is our Creator, avails but little, if that remembrance is not accompanied with suitable acts of virtue and righteousness on our part. The profane swearer, when driven by winds and waves until he imagines himself sinking into a watery grave, has often been constrained to remember his Creator and cry out for mercy. The hardened wretch, who has dared to defy his Maker and violate his laws in the sunshine of prosperity, has, nevertheless, when the Almighty came forth in the tempest and in the whirlwind, speaking in a voice of thunder, trembled and been afraid.

Our remembrance of our Creator should be a fixed principle of the heart, which would lead us to conduct in that manner that would evince to all, that we did indeed remember him, and that our great delight was to serve him. We should remember him with the most devout gratitude, and with the warmest affection of our heart. We should endeavour to manifest our gratitude by every means in our power. Our thankful songs should often ascend the holy hill of Zion. Like the psalmist of old, we should be ready to exclaim in the sincerity of our heart, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name; let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." Like St. Paul, we should pray always, and in every thing give thanks. And how shall we most effectually demonstrate our gratitude to God and our warm affections for him?

First, By yielding ourselves in obedience to his divine commands. If we feel gratitude to God for his mercies, if our hearts are duly affected by his kindnesses towards us, we shall wish to obey our Maker. We cannot, on any principle of reason or propriety, withhold our homage from him. The reason why so many disregard his commands and violate his laws, is,

because they do not remember him. O no, they forget him. Their minds are occupied with other objects. Their attention is rivetted to earth and earthly things. They see not the mercies of God to them, for their eyes are blinded by sin. They hear not the sweet music of that voice, which is inviting them to come and drink of the fountain of unalloyed bliss. Their ears are deaf to all above. O did they but realize in whom they live and have their being, did they feelingly consider how dependant they are upon their Creator for every breath they draw, for every blessing which they experience, their lively gratitude would be manifested to all around by their strict obedience to the requirements of the divine law.

In proportion as our gratitude is felt towards God, will our devotedness to him and his laws appear. If we remember our Creator as we ought, we shall love him with all our heart and serve him with all our powers. If we regard him as our great and best Parent, surely we shall not wish to displease him. We should not wish to offend so beneficial a friend, by any act of disrespect or carelessness. No. We should rather love him with warm affection, because he first loved us.

He has the strongest claims to our gratitude and to our reverence. His goodness is daily passing before us; his mercy extends to us every moment; every hour brings with it some new memorial of his loving kindness; each day furnishes some fresh tokens of his love; and each succeeding year teems with blessings from his hand. Toward our Creator then, should our warmest affections move, and with all possible efforts of our soul should we ascribe glory to his name.

Secondly. We should remember him with heartfelt repentance for our sins, and with deep contrition of soul. It is a fact which none can deny, that notwithstanding our Creator has been so good to us, we have been unmindful of him; that for his numerous mercies and blessings we have manifested the basest ingratitude; we have "set at nought his counsels, and would none of his reproofs." Though we have not forgotten to participate, though we have daily been partakers of rich blessings, yet have we forgotten from whom they came. We have not looked up through gifts to the Giver, nor have we returned thanks to the Author of all these blessings. O then, when we remember his mercy and our ingratitude, how should we come

before him with penitence of soul and contrition of heart. Have we, my friends, been snatched from impending danger by his care over us, have we received our daily sustenance from him, and have we been constantly living upon his bounty, and all this without thinking of him? O, if there were any kind feelings still in exercise, if the mind had not become callous and the heart hard as the adamant, how would our remembrance of him and of his goodness lead us to sincere repentance for all our sins.

My friends, we have offended against the Almighty, we have dared to raise our puny arm in rebellion against the Lord God of Hosts. We have all gone out of the way, and departed from the path of virtue. We are this evening called upon to stop, and to remember our Creator. How shall we think of him and of our ingratitude, but with shame and confusion of face? How dare we delay a moment a reconciliation with our Creator? Remember "he that hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

Thirdly. We should remember that God will bring us into judgment. For all the deeds done in the body we must give account to him. They that have done good are to come forth

unto the resurrection of life. Yes, my friends, though we are now exalted to heaven in point of privilege, though our Creator has lavished his blessings upon us, and has cast our lot in pleasant places, for all these privileges, for every blessing which we enjoy and for the use we make of them, we must give a strict and an impartial account. Although we may now forget our Creator, and despise the commands of God, and reject with disdain the offers of religion, yet, remember, for all these things God will bring us into judgment.

My friends, we do well to remember our Creator in all the relations in which he stands to us. We do well to remember his justice, as well as his mercy; his punishment of the wicked as well as his faithful rewards of the righteous. We pass

III. To notice some of the peculiar advantages of remembering our Creator now, in the days of our youth.

The scripture on which we are remarking is addressed emphatically to the youth. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The words imply some particular advantages that would result to those who should

obey it, some of which we shall now endeavour to bring to view.

The time allotted to man in this world, has been divided into three distinct parts, each having connections and each sustaining different relations, and these have been designated in the following manner — youth — the meridian of life, and — old age.

Perhaps there is no portion of time more interesting, or on which more depends, than our youthful days. It is a time when we are just entering upon an untried scene; when we are forming habits and contracting alliances which will probably grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. It is a time when we enter upon enchanted ground, where ten thousand snares are spread around to entrap our unwary feet, and ten thousand unsuspected foes lurk in ambush. It is a time when example and custom are exerting a most powerful influence over our minds, and a time which is probably deciding our characters for life.

How important it is then, that this part of our life should be rightly improved — that we make a right beginning. How important it is that we be furnished with such principles of rectitude and virtue, as shall mark all our future

course, and render our lives useful and happy. The knowledge of our Creator, my young friends, a realizing sense of his omnipresence, of his goodness, justice and mercy, will be of invaluable service to us through life, and our greatest security against the evils and temptations to which we shall be exposed. We will now notice some of the peculiar advantages of remembering our Creator in the days of our *youth.*

First. Youthful piety is most pleasing to our Creator.

The solemn dedication of ourselves, our souls and bodies, all that we have and are to our Creator, while in the days of our youth, is a sacrifice with which he is well pleased. So the poet,

> "Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
> His mercy crowns our growing years;
> He satisfies our mouth with good,
> And fills our hopes with heavenly food."

They have the promise if they seek that they shall find. "I love them who love me, and they who seek me early shall find me."

Josiah was a particular favourite of the Almighty, because while in his youthful days, even when only eight years old, he sought after

the God of his father David; and God remembered him, and promised to gather him unto his fathers and into his grave in peace, and that his eyes should not witness the evils which he would bring upon the people. So Timothy from a child knew the scriptures, which made him wise unto salvation. From all the instances we find on divine record, it appears that God is well pleased with youthful offerings. Our Saviour, too, manifested the most affectionate regard for the youth. "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." While the children were singing hosannas to him, though the chief priests and scribes were sore displeased and rebuked them, he replied, "Have ye never read, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Our heavenly Father will not forget those who in the morning of life serve him.

Secondly. Youth is the best period of life for remembering our Creator.

It is a period devoid of many of the perplexing cares and disquietudes necessarily attendant upon manhood and old age. The mind is then tender and susceptible of divine impressions. Satan has not bound the young mind

down in slavish captivity, like those who have grown old in sin and are become hardened in crime. The youth has not, by a long course of sin and wickedness, so effectually rooted out all principles of justice and humanity, as have they who for many years have been living in sin against God. The mind is then by far more tractable than at any other period of our lives. It is a time which is generally devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, because the mind is then fresh and vigorous, the intellectual powers daily expand, and the mind is susceptible of great improvements. Prejudice has not then so strong a hold upon our minds but it may be made to relax its iron grasp. Sin has not become so sweet a morsel but we may, with proper care, be made to hate and abhor it.

Those, my young friends, who have long accustomed themselves to scenes of vice and wickedness, who have wasted the morning of life in mirth and levity, who have passed the meridian of their lives in sin and profanity, and who have even arrived at old age alienated from God and virtue, are in the most miserable situation. The season of youth, when God often called upon them to give up their hearts to him, has vanished away and is forever gone — manhood,

with all its opportunities for embracing the Saviour, has come; but, alas! it has gone, and now they are trembling on the brink of the grave. The God whom they rejected in their youth and despised in maturer years, is now to them afar off. O then, my young friends, while in your youthful days, while health of body and vigour of mind are yours, remember your Creator.

Thirdly. If we remember our Creator in the morning of life, and commence a virtuous course while in our youth, we may be eminently useful in our day and generation. God has appointed means and instruments by which he communicates good to the children of men, and he has made us capable of exerting an influence on those around us. Example bears a powerful sway. The young and tender mind, almost unconsciously, bows to its dictates. Are those examples virtuous, we are led to imitate virtue; are they vicious, our minds are apt to be warped by their unhallowed influence, and our principles of right to become prostrated by the baneful contagion. We are apt to inhale the moral atmosphere around us. It is then, important, that our influence be right and our examples virtuous.

If we remember our Creator as we ought, we shall also remember our fellow man. We shall not forget that a world is lying in sin and wickedness, and that man has a soul that must live forever, either in boundless felicity or in endless despair. Actuated by the Spirit of God, we shall put forth some energy to snatch souls from impending ruin.

Again, we should remember our Creator in the days of our youth, from the consideration that life is short and uncertain. Time, ever on the wing, stays for no man. Days, and weeks, and months, and years, move rapidly onward, and death, which is abroad in the land, cuts down both the young and the old, the wicked and the virtuous. Youth, with all its enjoyments, with all its vigour and sprightliness, is a period, nevertheless, during which many, very many, are borne to their long and last home. Comparatively, very few live to three score years and ten; far the greater part of those who annually die, are young persons. Youth, then, is no protection against disease, no safeguard against the destroyer. O, it will be an incalculable advantage to us in the hour of death to have God for our friend and heaven for our portion. Yes, when heart and flesh begin to fail

us, when the soul and the body are about to be separated, when our hold upon this world is loosening, and all the scenes of life are fast receding from our view, the thought that God, our heavenly Father, whom we remembered and on whom we trusted in our youth, will conduct us safely through the dark valley and shadow of death, and lead us triumphantly up to joys eternal and on high, this, O, this will comfort us!

But I must draw this subject to a close. Many are the advantages of early piety, and many are the exceeding great and precious promises to those who continue steadfast to the end. O then, my young friends, in closing these remarks, let me charge it home upon you all, with the earnestness of affection, to remember your Creator. O, do not, I beseech you, do not forget him. Think not yourselves disgraced by attaching yourselves to the cross of Christ. No. It is an honour of which angels might justly boast. Think not the service of God beneath your notice. No. It is a service infinitely glorious. It is far better to love and serve Him, who will reward us an hundred fold in this life and in the world to come with life everlasting, than to serve the prince of the pow-

er of the air, whose greatest delight is to torment and harass the children of men. It is far better to be ranked with those who come up out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, to be associated with angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, than to be numbered with the unholy in this world, and in the coming world to be cast into the blackness of darkness forever.

If you suffer these golden moments to pass by unimproved, if you defer the work of repentance and delay to remember your Creator, if you spend this important part of your life in mirth and jollity, in riot and reveling, if you devote this part of your life exclusively to worldly purposes, to the acquisition of wealth or honour, regardless of your immortal interests, I fear you will never think of God, never remember your Creator until it is too late, never seek for mercy until it is clean gone forever. O how dangerous it is to delay to some future period the salvation of our souls. O embrace the present opportunity of making your calling and election sure. Now, lay hold upon the hope set before you in the Gospel; now, before the

summer is past and the harvest be ended, remember your Creator.

My young friends, those of you who have complied with the exhortation of Solomon, and have remembered your Creator, are exhorted to continue to remember him; never, no never, to your latest hour, forget him. Remember him in whatever situation you may be placed. Think of him in retirement as well as in the public congregation, in prosperity as well as in adversity. Cast all you care upon him, for he careth for you. Trust in him, and you shall live forever. Obey his commands, and you shall have right to the tree of life and enter through the gate into the city. In fine, remember your Creator, and, in return, He will crown you with immortal honour and eternal glory.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

BLESSEDNESS OF THE HEAVENLY STATE.

BY FREDERICK P. SULLINGS.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. — Heb. 4 : 9.

The sacred scriptures are replete with the most precious promises to the righteous, and they contain the most awful denunciations against the wicked. They every where speak of two distinct classes. They declare the one shall come forth to the resurrection of eternal life, and the other to the resurrection of eternal damnation. From the most remote period of time, God has had an especial care for his people, while the wicked have been doomed to destruction. I know the wicked often flourish as a green bay tree, but they are lifted up to this height of prosperity that their destruction

may appear the more conspicuous; that God may, in a more signal manner, show to mankind the dreadful end of the sinner; but "there remaineth a rest to the people of God."

Two things demand our attention while remarking on this subject—

I. Who are the people of God—and

II. The nature of that rest that remains to them.

I. Who are the people of God.

First. They are those who are not conformed to this world, but who are transformed by the renewing of their minds. God's people and the people of the world are two distinct classes, distinct in all their operations, in their thoughts, words and deeds. That class who may claim to themselves the honour of being God's people, are those who have their affections set on things above, their faces Zionward, their motto, "by grace are we saved." The people of this world are chained down to earth by undue attachments, they are willing captives to sin and Satan, following the vicious inclinations of their own hearts and running into all manner of iniquity. To such God will say, in the final day of accounts, "I know you not, ye are not my people."

God's people are not to be conformed to this world. It is true we live in this world, and we must in some degree associate with the people of the world, and we must use the goods of this world, but they should use the world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away. They must let their light shine in the world, and so shine that others may see their good works and glorify their Father who is in heaven. Those who may be justly termed the people of God, are those who have and who continue to follow him fully.

The Israelites were called the people of God, but in their journeyings through the wilderness towards the promised land, many of them fell short of their high vocation. They so often transgressed the laws of God and so often displeased him, that they were destroyed in the wilderness, and did not enter into the rest which was designed for them. But his servant Caleb who was of another spirit and who followed him fully, entered the land of promise.

The people of God must be a faithful people. It is not enough simply to profess to be his people, to pass through all the external forms of religion. Profession is worse than useless without possession, if it affect any thing it affects

only the external man, while it leaves the heart untouched. It is but a pharasaical disposition which wishes only to be heard and seen of men. What would you think of a man who should profess to be an adept in the arts and sciences, but who was wholly unacquainted with the tenor and spirit of them. Alas! it is too often the case, that professors of religion are willing to set down and feast on their profession. Their past sins they think are forgiven; they have been baptized, joined the church and communicated at the Lord's table; and lo! the battle is won, the victory gained, and they, in imagination, are to be transported to heaven by angelic armies and welcomed home.

Such, my friends, are the people of God. They are idlers in his vineyard, and have great reason to fear, that when weighed in the balance they will be found wanting. The people of God are to fight the good fight of faith, to keep a perpetual war with sin and Satan, and to endure steadfast unto the end. Such and such only, the scriptures assure us, shall enter into that rest which remaineth to the people of God.

Our Saviour most strikingly illustrates the necessity of being rooted and grounded in the

good word of the kingdom, in his parable of the sower. The seed only which fell on good ground brought forth fruit; and that brought forth fruit abundantly — some thirty, some sixty, and some even an hundred fold. The people of God must be fruitful, and their fruit should be of the choicest kind. Christians should be very careful to be well rooted and grounded in love, and that no root of bitterness spring up to choke the word. God will have no fruitless trees in his vineyard, no withered vegetable in his garden. Though he may long spare them, and give them every opportunity to bear fruit, yet, if they continue unfruitful, he will eventually cut them down. O the obligations under which Christians are placed to be up and doing, to be alive in the cause of Christ. They should be stimulated to increasing diligence, knowing that the blood of souls may be required at their hands.

Although the whole duty of the people of God, may be comprised in what has been said, yet it may not be improper more particularly to mention the signs by which they may be known, and by which we may learn whether we be indeed the sons of God and heirs of the promises.

In the first place, then, *prayer* is the most

successful weapon of the Christian. Whenever you find the real follower, the truly devoted disciple of Jesus, you will find him a man of prayer; one who is often bowing before the throne of grace, and supplicating the mercy and grace of God, that he may be sanctified, body, soul and spirit. You will find him praying that God will bless his endeavours and convert a sinful and rebellious world to himself.

The genuine Christian, too, is ardently attached to the holy Bible. This blessed volume is by no means to him a sealed book. It is his constant companion. He takes it as his guide, in whatever circumstances he may be placed. He studies it by day, and meditates thereon by night. At home or abroad, on the land or on the sea, where'er he roams, where'er he rests, he receives it as his choicest companion and his surest passport to the rest which remaineth to the people of God.

The true Christian also endeavors to imitate as much as possible the example of his blessed Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. He feels it is his duty to imitate that forgiving spirit, that deep humility, that enlarged benevolence, that readiness to do good to all, which so emphatically characterized our Saviour.

The people of God, too, are those who strictly attend on the ordinances of his house, who fully comply with all the directions of the Gospel in regard to the various duties which relate to the house of God. It is expected of them, that they use their exertions to sustain the churches, and if they slack their hands, or become slothful in their endeavours to support the dignity of the house of God, the enemy will enter in, take possession, and rule all who claim admittance. The scriptures are plain upon this subject. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, praises the church that they had kept the ordinances, that they had not forsaken their assembling together as the manner of some was. My brethren, when you see the professed people of God forsake his house or neglect his ordinances, you may fear their love is waxing cold, their faith becoming weak and their prayers formal. The true Christian, the pious saint of God, delights to walk in all his ordinances blameless.

Much more might be said of the peculiar characteristics of the people of God, but these remarks must suffice, while we proceed to notice, *secondly*, for a few moments, the rest that remaineth for them.

The word *rest* may properly refer to the comparative rest, which the Christian enjoys in this world; but more particularly to that eternal rest which remaineth for them in the world to come. The Christian may be said to enjoy great rest in this world when he compares his present circumstances with his former situation. Once he was under a heavy yoke, a galling oppression, a wretched and miserable servitude. Once he was tossed about, to and fro, at the caprice and will of the devil. Now he is obedient to the commands of Christ, and his yoke is easy and his burden is light. This service he finds is most delightful and pleasant. Formerly he was worn and wearied with the service of sin and Satan; he could find no rest night or day. Now he can rest under the sweet sound of the Gospel; he can take delight in the rich mercies of God, as exhibited in the gift of his Son, and in a good conscience, yea, in a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men. Formerly, he took no rest, even on the Sabbath, that hallowed day, set apart for the rest of man. He may indeed have stretched himself on his soft couch, or loitered about the fields or the streets, or even gone up to the house of prayer, but his thoughts, like the fool's

eye, wandered to the ends of the earth. He found no rest. His mind, that part which never, never dies, was like the raging billows.

The wicked are perfect strangers to repose; they are aliens from the land of peace, and foreigners from all true happiness. "There is no peace, saith the Lord, to the wicked; they are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

The unconverted man may look on the Christian with astonishment. He sees nothing in his outward circumstances superior to his own. He has no more wealth, nor worldly honour, no more outward prosperity, and why, he is ready to exclaim, has he more rest than I? Poor man! He who has but a small pittance, his daily allowance, who spends his strength in labour from the rising to the setting sun, if he truly loves God and faithfully serves him, enjoys far more rest than thyself. Although his fair is hard, his path through life rough and uneven, yet his soul finds rest in the smiles of his Saviour and the approbation of his God. O, could you but know the mind of the Christian, could you penetrate the inmost recesses of his soul, you would then see what an astonishing contrast

there is between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not!

Happiness consists, not in the abundance of the goods of this world, but in devotedness to God and obedience to his laws. The sinner may think himself increased in goods and to have need of nothing, he may add farm to farm and store-house to store-house, and say to his soul, Soul, thou hast much good laid up in store, take thy rest, eat, drink and be merry; yet God may say unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.

It is far otherwise with the Christian. Amidst the greatest persecutions, the most fiery trials, he often rejoices in the God of his salvation. Those dear martyrs, who have been persecuted even unto death, in the last trying hour, found rest with God. Holy Stephen, while his wicked persecutors were stoning him to death, enjoyed that heavenly serenity of mind, that sweet rest and composure of soul, that enabled him to cry out, in his last moments, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Paul and Silas could sing the praises of God, though confined in prison walls and bound in iron chains. Well may the Christian exclaim, when liberated from

the thraldom of sin, such joy as this I never knew, such pleasure never found!

But we have been only considering the rest which the people of God enjoy in this world, and although it is truly blessed, and such as we very much need in this vale of tears, though it smooths the path of life down to the grave, and accompanies us through the valley and shadow of death, and escorts us into fairer regions and happier climes, yet how imperfect, how changing all our comforts here, compared with what we hope to realize in that eternal world of rest!

And now, my friends, I am entering upon a subject which to describe would require far greater and far holier power than men possess. "Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered the heart of man to conceive the joys that God hath prepared for those who love him." If we cannot even conceive the glory of this rest, much less can we adequately describe it. But although our minds are inadequate to grasp the glories of that heavenly world, and although imagination in its utmost flight cannot take in the extent of that joy, yet we may understand so much of it, from the word of God, as to rejoice the heart of every Christian and to allure

every lover of this rest to this abode of lasting repose.

In farther describing this rest, let us observe in the *first* place, it is a perfect rest.

In this world perfect happiness is a stranger to us, and complete rest is unknown. Those who enjoy the greatest degree of spiritual repose, those who live the most devoted to God, whose communion with the Father of all good is most uninterrupted, have seasons of weariness, hours of fatigue, their minds encumbered with the cares of this world and the corruptions of the flesh, often become faint and weak, and all find, by sad experience, that here there is no perfect resting place. There is always something to wound our best feelings, to mar our greatest enjoyments, and frequently, when the spirit is willing the flesh is weak, and when we would do good evil is present with us.

> "We should suspect some danger nigh
> Where we possess delight."

We may not, we ought not, to complain of this world. It is a beautiful world, and God, when he had made man, the last and noblest of his works, pronounced it to be very good. We

have here many joys, many comforts, many blessings, for which we ought to feel and to express the most sincere and devout gratitude to the great Author of all good; but sin entered into this world, and with it came death and all our wo. But O, how animating the thought, that when we arrive at the heavenly city of the New Jerusalem, our rest will be perfect. No cares, no sorrows will find their way into that heavenly state. There will be no mixture of rest and weariness in that celestial kingdom. No jarring discords will interrupt the heavenly choir, while, with golden harps, they sing the song of redeeming love and saving grace. There no enemy will be permitted to rise up to disturb the repose of the happy soul. There the inhabitants shall never say they are sick. There no mortal body shall weigh down and depress the happy spirit. There no calamity shall ever visit them. There all will be one entire scene of perfect rest, one unbroken continuity of sweet repose and freedom from all care.

To the weary pilgrim, as he travels from place to place, how good and refreshing is rest. The pilgrim, who is travelling in the road that leads to heaven, will one day find a rest that will be perfect and entire, and a joy that will be un-

speakable and full of glory. Many, with this rest in view, have been willing to endure fatigue and to pass through the furnace of affliction, while they have cheered their way and anticipated the glorious termination of all their toils, in the sweet strains of the devout poet —

"Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Secondly. This is an ever-abiding, an eternal rest.

To be assured of rest from all fatigue, trial, sorrow and sin, for many years, we should think a very great favour, and one which ought to call forth grateful acknowledgments to the bountiful Giver, but when we consider that this rest is always to last, that it never will end,

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first began,"

O how it enhances the value of this rest! What! never to experience any more weariness; never feel one rising sigh, one painful emotion; never more to witness any sorrow in our associates; never more to experience the painful separation of beloved kindred and dear friends; never more to witness the love of many waxing cold and sin abounding; never more to hear of countries and kingdoms despoiled and devastated by some mighty conqueror; never more to be affected by sin's unhallowed influence; never more, in fine, to be the subjects of weariness or pain, of sorrow or disappointment, but to be at rest forever and ever —

O, these will in part constitute the blessedness of heaven. O, how these prospects should encourage every one to fight the good fight of faith, to press through all opposition, and to be determined, by the grace of God, though it were at the loss of all things, to enjoy this rest.

Thirdly and lastly. It is a rest which combines in itself all that is truly excellent and desirable, all that is superlatively virtuous and holy, in fine, it is but another name for heaven.

The word *rest* carries with it, in this passage, a two-fold meaning. It implies, not only a cessation from weariness and from every evil, but

also the possession of every good. It implies an introduction into the best of all society, a participation of the purest joys, and a view of the most glorious scenes. What society is more interesting than that of the holy angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect, and of Jesus, the adorable Saviour. Here we shall behold an innumerable multitude which no man can number, here the general assembly and church of the first-born, and here all the redeemed and glorified, who will have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. What greater joys than those which flow at God's right hand; and what can afford more glorious scenes than the heaven of heavens — than the paradise of God!

My friends, the subject which has thus been imperfectly described, is one of great importance. It certainly must concern us all, to know whether we are the people of God and heirs of the promises. It certainly is of the utmost importance, that we make a decision in relation to this subject. If we wish to be accounted the people of God and heirs of the promised rest, if we would lay up treasures in the heavens, O how it becomes us to watch lest we enter into temptation; watch lest the enemy get the ad-

vantage and draw you from the path of virtue. O think, that on your conduct here depends your eternal rest or your everlasting wo. When the allurements of the world would turn you aside from the strait and narrow way which leads to heaven, O stop and think what you are doing. O consider with what a valuable inheritance you are about to part for a mere trifle. When your gay companions, your social friends would lead you from the house of prayer, remember that if you comply, you are losing your hold on the blessed promise. In fine, when any thing, which would injure your character as a Christian, proposes itself to you, say to it, get thee home.

O how lamentable is the condition of those who are destitute of rest in this world, and who have no claim to that rest which remaineth in another world to the people of God! They are seeking happiness where it never can be found; they try the pleasures of this world, but there is an aching void, a painful vacuum within their minds. But O your pains are now small, your burdens are now light, compared with what they will become unless you turn your eyes from vanity. You are now in a state of probation

and there is now a hope set before you in the Gospel. O lay hold on this hope and secure an interest in the precious Saviour, or you are lost forever. Amen.

It should be understood by all who read the preceding, that it was written but a little while before the last sickness of the author. He probably did not think, while he was attempting to describe the heavenly rest, that himself was so soon to behold the glories and enjoy the felicities of that happy state. Let the reader prepare to follow him. How appropriate the direction of the wise man, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—EDITOR.

A

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE PORTSMOUTH LITERARY SOCIETY, AT THEIR REQUEST, JANUARY, 1831.

BY FREDERICK P. SULLINGS.

The cultivation of the mental faculties is a subject of great interest, and ought to be deeply investigated by every lover of literature and promoter of knowledge. Man is endowed with powers and faculties far more capacious than any being which the great Creator has placed on this his footstool. His mind can be expanded by cultivation, or it will become contracted by neglect. It can be made to soar aloft to the very pinnacle of science, and solve the most abstruse points of literature, or it will grovel in the low regions of ignorance and confines of superstition. It can be made to exert almost

unbounded influence, if a proper direction be given to it, or it will, like the mole of the earth, be covered in its own furrow, if it be neglected. It can be made to be of extensive utility to the world by cultivation and refinement, or it will remain silent and inert, like the snail, if no exertions be made to call forth its mighty powers.

Admitting this to be true, it now remains to inquire, how can we accomplish this desirable object? How can we best store our minds with useful knowledge, and so improve them that we may be qualified for extensive usefulness? To this question many answers might be given and many thoughts suggested; but wishing to consult brevity, I shall name only a few of the most efficient means by which our minds may be improved and refined.

First. In order to make any progress in this grand enterprise, attention is particularly necessary — without it nothing can be accomplished. Although we may be furnished with a most excellent library, and every thing of a literary nature is adapted to our convenience, yet these will avail us little or nothing while attention is wanting. The mind must be made to bear on the object before it. There all its penetrating powers must be applied, in order, if possible, to

dissect and examine its various parts. This power of the mind may be used in all places and on every occasion. Nature is full of objects to which our attention may be directed with much and important success.

The attraction of gravitation, and other important laws of nature, were discovered by attention. Had Newton, when he saw the apple fall from the tree, suffered his attentive powers to have laid dormant, would he have gained that honour which afterwards immortalized his name? Surely not; nor will any one, though his talents may be great and his advantages still greater for mental improvement, attain to any great distinction, if he does not call them forth with an untiring zeal.

To make any considerable progress in this work, we must persevere. Although we should set out in this work, and determine to cultivate and refine our minds, yet without perseverance we should come far short of our undertaking, and soon relinquish it as too deep and too broad for our capacities. This, like all other business, must be pursued with a fervent, untiring, constant and persevering zeal; and though clouds may gather thick and fast, and obstacles almost insurmountable rise up before him who

is endeavouring to penetrate the thick mazes which intervene between him and the cultivation of his mental powers, yet if he but remember and practise the ancient motto, "*Perseverantia vincit omnia*," he will ride victorious on the car of fame, and soon find himself situated on the very summit of the hill of science, reaping ample rewards for all his labours.

The greatest and wisest men in our country and the world, are those who have been persevering, who have been determined that they would surmount every obstacle and lay prostrate every barrier that would hinder their ascent to honour and wisdom. Perhaps there is no one in this assembly, whose opportunities for mental improvement have not been greater than many of the most learned men in our country enjoyed. Shall I refer you to Dr. Adam Clarke, a man far-famed for his literary acquirements? He was once a ditch-digger in the bogs of Ireland. To a Washington, the greatest statesman that ever lived? He was once a rustic farmer-boy in the fields of Mount Vernon. To a Demosthenes, the greatest orator of any age? He was the son of a poor blacksmith, labouring under many great disadvantages. Consult these, as well as many other distinguished men, in

respect to the manner by which they arrived at the high and important stations to which they attained. They will reply, — "perseverance brought us hither." Who, I ask, ever heard of a man's prospering in business, without possessing a persevering spirit? Does he leave his business half finished, and then present it to those who employed him to complete the affair? And shall the person, who is endeavouring to cultivate his mental powers, faint and tire in so laudable and praiseworthy an object? Shall he, of all others, falter in so grand an enterprize? No; surely not. Let him, while he is endeavouring to direct his attention to this object, apply the touch-stone, perseverance.

Having briefly shown that the mind of man may be improved, and the most efficient means by which it may be accomplished, I now proceed to speak more particularly concerning the advantages and merits of this society, whose quarterly term we now celebrate.

First. This society is designated as a literary one by its very appellation. Without proceeding any farther, we should conclude that it was a society in which knowledge and literature hold a very conspicuous rank; a society whose chief object is the cultivation and refinement of

the mind. But as there are various societies in our country which have assumed this name, and have different rules and regulations, it may be necessary to exhibit, to those assembled, the general course adopted by the members of this society for the improvement of their minds.

First. The grand and important science of constructing sentences and composing written pieces is the main object of this society. This is truly no small undertaking. The person who can transmit his sentiments to paper, in an intelligible and elegant manner, has taken an important step towards the successful cultivation of his mental powers. Indeed there is no so communicable a method of doing good and becoming influential, as by writing; for writings may be transmitted through successive ages down to posterity, and exert an important influence on thousands.

Secondly. These compositions, when written, are presented to a committee, chosen for that purpose, for correction; and in this manner the authors of the respective compositions have opportunity for great improvement. The great attention and the good degree of perseverance which has been exercised by the members of this society, have placed them in a rank not to be

despised. We invite those who have a desire to improve their minds, to unite with us, and to move forward in the diligent use of all the means which are calculated to lead to the acquisition of true wisdom. Here is an opportunity and a place to call forth your powers. Here is work that will make you thrive. Here are possessions which are real gain. Is there one true Rhode Islander who, for a moment, will hesitate to come forward and aid in this good work? Is there one real descendant of the virtuous and patriotic Roger Williams who will ever oppose an institution like this? Come forth, then, and declare that here is a successful rival to similar institutions in sister States; that this State, though small in length and breadth, when compared with other States, is not a whit behind in the arts and sciences.

A few words to the members of this society, and I close my address.

Gentlemen and Ladies of the Portsmouth Literary Society — you have united for the sole purpose of improving your minds and cultivating your mental powers. You have adopted certain rules and regulations, by which you govern yourselves, and by which you carry on an united work of mental improvement. In this great

work you have thus far, probably, surpassed your most sanguine expectations; you have seen that your exertions to form a society, whose chief object should be the improvement of the mind, have not been in vain. You have undoubtedly witnessed the budding forth of those talents, which, if properly nourished, will render important service to mankind: you have, moreover, beheld the germinating of bright intellects, which a little while ago were covered in rubbish. Let these then serve as incitements to a farther train of movements, and if opposition seems to stand before you, and many barriers hedge up your way, yet your greatest opposers, if you persevere, will be convinced of their error. I would say to you, fear not; though your numbers are small, your object is good and your ability great. Your proceedings will meet the approbation of the intelligent, the educated, the wise, the good, yea, of all whose approbation you would think it an honour to enjoy; and God himself approves your object. Does not He look with a propitious eye on those who are endeavouring to improve that immortal mind which he has committed to their trust? Most surely. If, then, we are thus surrounded with

such strong guards, we will not fear though a few ignorant persons shoot their puny darts.

Notwithstanding you have accomplished much and have progressed in an almost unparalleled degree, yet you may proceed still farther; you may yet make new discoveries, and bring forth new subjects of interest and importance. The mind of man has never been placed in that situation in which it could go no farther; and we may find sufficient employment through the whole of our lives in improving our mental powers. Persevere, and this society may yet send forth, from its associates, a Washington, who shall fill with dignity the presidential chair; a Summerfield, who shall scatter life and light far and wide; a Franklin, who shall bring from the clouds the vivid lightnings; and many individuals of distinguished rank may yet come forth from this place. Your rise has been, thus far, signalized with success. Your little bark has triumphed over the gale of opposition, and you have taken a stand among other societies of a like nature.

But suffer me not to pass by the ladies of this assembly. You have also taken an important stand in relation to this subject, and have shown that you will not be backward in the ways of

well-doing. It is chiefly through your influence, that this society has arisen to that rank which it now occupies; yea, the talents which have been displayed in this department would honour any society. Continue then your exertions; for so long as you do continue them, this society must and will rise; but if you slacken your hands, it will, in a great measure, fall from the elevation to which it has now attained. It is an old adage, that "men rule the world, but women rule the men." Although men may appear to have the sole government of national affairs, yet the women still have the government over men. The principles which mothers inculcate in the breasts of their children, remain with them so long as they live. How important then, that the fair sex especially attend to the cultivation of their minds. Those of them who are mothers, if their minds are cultivated, are prepared to refine the minds of their children, and with dignity and propriety to perform the duties of the important stations they hold in society. Others, by imitating their example, are rendering themselves the ornaments of the circles in which they now move, and are preparing for the higher and more im-

portant stations now occupied by their seniors, and which they may soon be called to fill.

You will permit me to close these remarks, by congratulating you in view of the success which has thus far attended your exertions, and of your present encouraging prospects; and by expressing a wish that your future operations may be attended with all that success which the great and good object you have in view would authorize you to expect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TIME.

Time is short. We enter upon the stage of action. We figure for a moment, and like a shadow, we vanish and are gone. We scarce commence our earthly career before we are called to our long and last home. As the flower of the field which blossomed so fresh and fair in the summer's morn, at noon-day droops and dies, so we fade from mortal view.

We often vainly imagine that our days will be many and full of blessings, that we are increased in goods and have need of nothing; but time soon dispels the pleasing vision, and breaks the spell of the enchanter. Our days, which we thought would be many, are soon all numbered. Our plans for long life are all thwarted, and time ushers us into eternity.

Time is fleeting. Time stays for no man. Its wheels do not stop their revolutions to accommodate sinful man, but with steady, untiring progress time wings its flight beyond the power of recall. Our golden moments are prizes which cannot be retained, blessings which must be improved as they pass along, or we lose them forever. O, how hastily our moments pass along! We but think they are coming, when, lo! before we are aware, they are gone.

On time hangs eternity; yes, on this short space of time, on these fleeting moments hangs eternity; yea, an eternity of boundless felicity or endless wo. Time was given us but to prepare for eternity, and it very much depends on our own actions, whether we are escorted to heaven or thrust down to hell. We are repeatedly assured in the holy word of God, that it is for us to choose whom we will serve. An ample provision is made in the Gospel for all, and all are invited to come and drink freely of the streams of salvation; but none are forced, none are irresistibly drawn from the paths of vice to the paths of holiness and virtue.

In this view of the subject, we find that man has much to do, that we are not mere machines, moved by some unknown power but that we are

free agents possessed of powers of mind sufficiently adequate to choose life or death. Let no one flatter himself with the absurd thought, that he shall enter heaven unconditionally and solely through the irresistible decree of the Almighty. Let no one despair of obtaining heaven on the same principles, for God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him. From the consideration then, that time is but a probationary state given us to prepare for eternity, O how it becomes man to work out his salvation with fear and trembling. If we suffer time to pass away neglected or unimproved, if we heed not the passing moments, nor strive to catch some good from day to day, we shall have an eternity to lament our supineness and wilful disobedience, but if we rightly improve this short space of time, if every day and hour and moment witness our firm attachment to virtue and religion, in time we may be happy and in eternity infinitely blessed.

Time is important. The importance of time cannot be well overrated, or its utility too well understood. Though time is short and fleeting, and days and weeks and months and years, move rapidly along, yet through the right im-

provement of them we may effect much good in the world. Such is our constitution, that we are capable of exerting great influence upon one another. Men by their example have wrought wonders, even in this short space of time. The wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose. The rude and illiterate savage has imbibed the spirit of civilization, and the ignorant and idolatrous pagan has been brought to worship the only living and true God. Besides, the influence which we may exert will not die, when the soul shall leave the body. No, it will outlive this feeble tenement of clay, and for aught we know, it may be felt ages after we have ceased to exist. The spirit of reformation, so far from subsiding when its votaries died, increased, and the influence of a Luther, a Calvin and Whitefield are felt at the present day.

Time is important, inasmuch as it is allotted to us to prepare for future events, and to fit the mind to dwell with God and our Saviour in glory. O how prone is man to forget the importance of time! We live apparently as though we were to live forever, as if death were unknown, and this were our fixed abode, our ever abiding habitation. O how many have suffered their golden hours to pass by unnoticed and unim-

proved, till death stared them in the face, and awaked them from their reverie! Then they have cried, O for one hour longer to prepare to meet their God. They would part with every thing, yea, they would give worlds in exchange for a few moments. O how important then is time! God grant that I may realize its importance before it is too late. But time must have an end. Yes, time will have an end. O when time shall have an end, what a scene shall we witness! Then the dead and all that are in their graves, will come forth. The elements will melt with fervent heat, and the world and all its works will be burned up. O who is prepared to witness these solemn scenes!

THE COUNTRY.

When we look around upon the variety of scenery which is spreading over the face of the earth, we discover some particular places which please the eye, delight the mind, and satiate the imagination, either from the thoughts we asso-

ciate with the recollections of those we are accustomed to meet there, or from some novel incident connected with those places, or from some peculiar richness which nature has placed around them.

Perhaps of all scenes those which the country affords are the most calculated to please the mind, drive far away all cares, and delight the vision by the extent of the prospect which it lays open to view, and the vast variety which crowds in upon every side. Cities, filled with the wealth of nations, courts, brilliant with ornaments, for which enslaved millions have toiled, may strike us more forcibly at the first glance, yet they are not calculated to give those pleasing and durable sensations. What can be more magnificent than the rising sun as he gilds the summit of the distant mountains, or, sinking in the west, his last rays float upon the fleecy clouds and tinge their borders with azure? What can raise more pleasing emotions in the mind than to stand upon the summits of the mountains themselves, and look upon the extensive prospect of wood and vale, waving groves, and rivers wandering amidst valleys, variegated with all the colours of vegetation?

He that can wander amidst groves of wood,

enlivened by a thousand mellow voices, gently agitated by zephyrs cool and refreshing, or listen to the murmuring brook, as it glides down the hill, mingling its sounds with the vocal woods, or look upon the waterfall, as it dashes its white billows from rock to rock in confusion, or gaze upon the purling rill as it first issues bubbling from the sand; he that can see all this, without emotion, is unacquainted with one of the grandest sources of pleasure.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WEALTH.

To the gentlemen of the Portsmouth Literary Society, in reply to the question, Has wealth any necessary influence on the actions of men? I answer — There can be little or no doubt in any mind respecting its influence, when we impartially survey the means which are employed to obtain it. The imaginary facilities of obtaining property strike the beholder with peculiar force. Its charms are presented before him with a glowing and often an heightened lustre.

Among the various pursuits to which the mind of man is attracted, none hold a more conspicuous rank than wealth. But its influence is of a two-fold nature, and those in quest of this object employ sometimes honest and sometimes dishonest means to attain it.

Those who are influenced by a laudable desire, whose object is to provide for their families and to benefit those around them by distributing with a liberal hand to the necessities of the poor and distressed, and by performing other benevolent deeds, are regarding with esteem by all around them, and will undoubtedly be rewarded by him who said — To him that giveth it shall be given. But that thirst which is never quenched, that appetite which is never satiated, that hankering after wealth which is not restrained either by the laws of God or man, is to be dreaded as a moral pestilence.

Under the influence of this inordinate passion, men have committed the most nefarious deeds and perpetrated the most horrid crimes. No means have been too base to be employed in this wicked work. Not satisfied with their just rights, and what they could acquire by manual labour, they have hesitated not to intrude on their neighbours' property, and plunder the

goods of their friends. What is yet more direful, how often have they, in a cool and deliberate manner, plunged the fatal steel in the breast of some innocent person, and while the vital stream is yet silently gushing forth, deprived him of his last penny. This is indeed a horrid picture, but instances of this kind are frequent. Our periodicals weekly send forth such direful news. For what purpose are our highways and public roads frequented by the midnight assassin? Why are our seas infested by the dark, malicious and designing pirate? It is because the accursed thirst for gold is raging within them. With these things before our eyes, we can but view the influence to be all-important.

So long as our desires are kept within proper bounds, wealth, so far from having a detrimental influence over us, will have a beneficial one. But if we give scope to these desires, if we but let them pass the line of demarcation, if we permit them to overleap the bounds of prudence, the love of money will be unto us "the root of all evil."

HEALTH.

The word *health* implies a freedom from sickness. Its value, however, can be justly estimated by those only who have been deprived of it. Such have felt, indeed, how great a loss they have sustained in their deprivation. Those only who have experienced the burning fever, the racking cough and the aching head, truly realize the comfort and the blessing of a well regulated system, nerved with vigour and bounding with elasticity. Those only who have been confined in their sick apartments and on the couch of pain, justly estimate the worth of the refreshing breeze in a summer's morn; and those only whose diet has been regulated to cold julaps and water gruels, know the value of that indulgence which nature allows to the healthy and the strong.

In short, health is the greatest temporal blessing with which mankind is favoured; deprived of this, all earthly comfort is insipid and tasteless. Though we may be situated in the most pleasant circumstances, surrounded by near and dear friends, ever willing to administer the balm

of consolation, and watching with anxious solicitude over every care, — yet the languid eye, the fallen countenance, the trembling hand and the pallid frame, all but too truly tell the absence of strength and vigour to be happy.

Sin, however, has entered into the world, and in its train has introduced sickness, pain and death.

DEATH.

This is a subject from which the mind of man is apt to withdraw with far other emotions than those of pleasure and joy. It is a subject, too, which, when introduced to our consideration, is too frequently refused a patient investigation. Why should we so much dread the approach of death? Why should we look forward to the time of our dissolution with such anxious fear? It is true, the ungodly man, the profane swearer and the immoral have reason to look forward with fearful apprehensions to that solemn period; but he who has cast his

anchor within the vail, whose hope is sure and steadfast, who has God for his friend and heaven for his home, why should he be unwilling to walk through the dark valley and shadow of death? why, to be escorted by angels to the paradise of God? Why should this world, the fashion of which passeth away, engross so much of our time and occupy so many hours that otherwise might be spent in converse with God, and in preparing for a dying hour.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

"Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding highest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast —
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;

Those who now bless thee will have passed forever;
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirits' fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou are chasing die —
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray:
O, touch the sceptre! — with a hope in heaven —
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal;
Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss:
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,
Who would not early choose a lot like this?"

Written by a bereaved Father.

"Was mine a happiness too pure for erring man to know?
Or why did Heaven so soon destroy my paradise below?
Enchanting as the vision was, it sunk away as soon
As when, in quick and cold eclipse, the sun grows dark at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was blest; but ere that day was spent,
I saw that light and graceful form in drooping illness bent,
And shuddered as I cast a look upon thy fainting head;
The mournful cloud was gathering there, and life was almost fled.

Days passed; and soon the seal of death made known that hope
was vain;
I knew the swiftly-wasting lamp would never burn again.—
The cheek was pale; the snowy lips were gently thrown apart;
And life, in every passing breath, seemed gushing from the heart.

I never trusted to have lived to bid farewell to thee,
And almost said, in agony, it ought not so to be.
I hoped that thou, within the grave my weary head shouldst lay,
And live, beloved, when I was gone, for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close;
And almost envied, in that hour, thy calm and deep repose;
For I was left in loneliness, with pain and grief oppressed,
And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary are at rest.

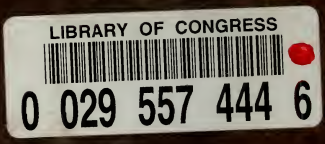
Yes, I am sad and weary now; but let me not repine,
Because a spirit, loved so well, is earlier blest than mine;
My faith may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore,
Since thou art where the ills of life can never reach thee more."

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

Sammlung
B.P.B.S.
S

LIBRARY OF CONGRES
0 013 809 770 5


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 557 444 6